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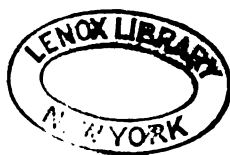
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VOLUME ELEVENTH.

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PERICLES,
PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*

PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*

HELICANUS, }
ESCANES, } *two Lords of Tyre.*

SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*

CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*

LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*

CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*

THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*

PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon.*

LEONINE, *Servant to Diomyza.*

Marshall.

A Pandar, and his Wife.

BOULT, *their Servant.*

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.

DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon.*

THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides.*

MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*

LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina.*

DIANA.

*Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates,
Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.*

SCENE, *dispersedly in various Countries.*



PERICLES.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antiochus.

To sing a song of old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come ;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.

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A 2

It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy-ales ;
And lords and ladies of their lives
Have read it for restoratives :
'Purpose to make men glorious ;
Et quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.
This city then, Antioch the great
Built up for his chiefest seat ;
The fairest in all Syria ;
(I tell you what mine authors say :)
This king unto him took a pheere,
Who died, and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace ;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke :
Bad father ! to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
By custom, what they did begin,
Was, with long use, account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow :
Which to prevent, he made a law,
(To keep her still, and men in awe,)

That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life :
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

SCENE I.—*Antioch, A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus; and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprize. [Music.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men !
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.

Ye gods, that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness !

Ant. Prince Pericles—

Pcr. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd ;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard :
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
A countless glory, which desert must gain :
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars ;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Pcr. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And, by those fearful objects, to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must :
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath ; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then ; and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did ;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,

And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of Antiochus.*]

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
Scorning advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous!

In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[*He reads the Riddle.*]

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[*Takes hold of the hand of the princess.*]

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill :
But I must tell you, now, my thoughts revolt ;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings ;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken ;
But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime :
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd ;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Pcr. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown ;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself ;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear :
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is wrong'd
By man's oppression ; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods : in vice their law's their will ;
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill ?
It is enough you know ; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning;—

But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:
And until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt ANT. his Daughter, and attendants.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;)
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we
mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends on us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough;

Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Er. Mess.*

Ant. As thou

Wilt live, fly after : and as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say, prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I
Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure : so farewell to your highness.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Thaliard, adieu ! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Tyre, A room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us : Why this charge of thoughts?
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep) can breed me quiet !
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shut
them,

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here :
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus : the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,

Have after-nourishment and life by care ;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me ;—the great Antiochus
(’Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he’s so great, can make his will his act,)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him :
And what may make him blush in being known,
He’ll stop the course by which it might be known ;
With hostile forces he’ll o’erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;
Our men be vanquish’d, e’er they do resist,
And subjects punish’d, that ne’er thought offence :
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast !

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable !

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience
tongue.

They do abuse the king, that flatter him :
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
The thing the which is flatter’d, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger glowing ;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.

When signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life :
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else ; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us : what seest thou in our looks ?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
whence

They have their nourishment ?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself ;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee rise ;
Sit down, sit down ; thou art no flatterer :
I thank thee for it ; and high heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid !
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do ?

Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus ;
Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then : I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Bring arms to princes, and to subject's joys.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark, in thine ear) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector: and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
cheeks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.,

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any ; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith ;
But should he wrong my liberties in absence—

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then ; and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both :
But in our orbs we'll live so sound and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Tyre, An anti-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre ; and this is the court. Here

must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question of your king's departure.
His sealed commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! *[Aside.]*

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch——

Thal. What from Antioch? *[Aside.]*

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,)
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;
So puts himself into the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive *[Aside.]*
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—
But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But, since my landing, as I have understood
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hcl. We have no reason to desire it, since
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Tharsus. A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of other's griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air: our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If Heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.

I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, over which I have government,
(A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)
For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what Heaven can do! By this our
change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.

Is not this true ?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears !
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor ?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor ;
And so in ours : some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already ;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear ; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat :
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, what need we fear ?
The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,

And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets :
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load ;
And these our ships you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half dead.

All. [*kneeling.*] The gods of Greece protect you !
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise ;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !
Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen)
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a
while,
Until our stars, that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation
(To whom I give my benizon,
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And, to remember what he does,
Gild his statue glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb show.

Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON; all the train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Excunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; forth he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest:
He knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost;
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this long's the text. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—*Pentapolis, An open place by the sea side.*

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;

Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath,
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death :
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;
And having thrown him from your watry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche !

2 *Fish.* Ho ! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say !

3 *Fish.* What say you, master ?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now ! come away, or
I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men
that were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear
what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when,
well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw
the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled ? they say,
they are half fish, half flesh ; a plague on them, they
ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I mar-
vel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land ; the great ones eat
up the little ones : I can compare our rich misers to no-
thing so fitly as to a whale ; 'a plays and tumbles, driv-
ing the poor fry before him, and at last devours them
all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the
land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the
whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones; that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watry empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast——

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man, whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Can'st thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then, thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou can'st fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and, moreo'er, puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.
[*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish.* Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 *Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since from his subjects He gains the name of good, by his government.
How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Did but my fortunes equal my desires,
I'd wish to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing a net.

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help! Here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself:
And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, (even as he left his life)
Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death; (and pointed to this brace:)
For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,

Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd, they give't again:
I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift by will.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

Pcr. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And, for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with't I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady!

Pcr. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish.* Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee
good on't!

2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that
made up this garment through the rough seams of the
waters: there are certain condolences, certain vails.
I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence
you had it.

Pcr. Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
This jewel holds his bidding on my arm;
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided

Of a pair of bases.

2 *Fish*. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The same. A public way, or platform, leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 *Lord*. They are, my liege;

And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter, In honour of whose birth these triumphs are, Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [Exit a Lord.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, to express My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are A model, which heaven makes like to itself: As jewels lose their glory, if neglected, So princes their renown, if not respected. 'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over the stage, and his squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[The second Knight passes.]

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per
fuerça.*

[The third Knight passes.]

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry:
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*

[The fourth Knight passes.]

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down:
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows, that beauty hath his power and
will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[The fifth Knight passes.]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds;
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried:
The motto thus, *Sic spectando fides.*

[The sixth Knight passes.]

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward
show

Can any way speak in his just commend:
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock, than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :
You are my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest ;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed ;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the
feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place :
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days ; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir ; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir ; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat

Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat!
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but

A country gentleman;
He has done no more than other knights have done;
Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 *Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while;
Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. Oh, attend, my daughter;

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them : and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at.

Therefore to make's entrance more sweet, here say,
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold ;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How !

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

[*Aside.*

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

Thai. The king, my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name, and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles ;
My education being in arts and arms ;)
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace ; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[The knights dance.]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. Oh, that's as much, as you would be denied

[The knights and ladies dance.]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. *[To PER.]* Pages and lights, conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*Tyre, A room in the Governor's house.*

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence;
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It shall not longer grieve without reproof.

3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1 *Lord.* Follow me then: lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 Lord. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our
censure:

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honour's cause; forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
To forbear choice i'the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;

And, since lord Helicane enjoineeth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us; we you; and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE V.—*Pentapolis. A room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES reading a letter, the Knights meet him,

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly-tied
her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take our
leaves. [*Excunt.*

Sim. So,

They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I commend her choice;

And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft, here he comes :—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides !

Sim. To you as much, sir ! I am beholden to you,
For your sweet music this last night : my ears,
I do protest, were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend ;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think, sir, of
My daughter ?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not ?

Per. As a fair day in summer ; wond'rous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you ;
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she'll your scholar be ; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here !

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre ?

'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. *[Aside.]*

Oh, seek not to intrap, my gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor, sir.

Per. Even in his throat, (unless it be the king,) [*Aside.*]
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that, would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll tame
you;
I'll bring you in subjection.—
Will you, not having my consent, bestow

Your love and your affections on a stranger?
(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I am.) [*Aside.*
Hear therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine,—
And you, sir, hear you.—Either be rul'd by me,
Or I will make you—man and wife.—
Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a further grief—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, 'please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded;—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter THAISA with child, and Lychorida. SIMONIDES shows his daughter the letter, she rejoices; she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch,

Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coignes,
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expence,
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strong inquire)
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor these :
Antiochus and his daughter's dead ;
The men of Tyrus, on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none :
The mutiny there he hastes t'appease ;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not, in twice six moons, home,
He, obedient to their doom,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps 'gan sound,
Our heir apparent is a king :
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre :
His queen with child makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go ;
(Omit we all their dole and woe ;)
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow ; half the flood
Hath their keel cut ; but fortune's mood
Varies again ; the grizzled north

Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives,
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near !
Doth fall in travail with her fear :
And what ensues in this fell storm,
Shall, for itself, itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey :
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost prince appears to speak.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep ! O still thy deaf'ning,
Thy dreadful thunders ; gently quench thy nimble,
Sulphureous flashes !—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen ?—Thou storm, thou ! venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself ?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida !—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails !—Now, Lychorida—

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who, if it had
Conceit, would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away! We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with yourselves.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou'rt the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter Two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw:

It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would, it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt
thou? Blow, and split thyself.

3 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy bil-
low kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the
ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still hath
been observed; and we are strong in earnest. There-
fore briefly yield her: for she must overboard straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. *Lychorida,*
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the sattin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit* Lychorida.]

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When can'st thou reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyros: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.*

*Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some Persons who have
been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*To PHILEMON.*]

[*Exeunt PHILEMON, Servant, and those who have
been shipwrecked.*]

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow, sir.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1 *Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple; pure surprize and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physick, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice,) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;

And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures ; which give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd
forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd :
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter Two Servants with a Chest.

Serv. So ; lift there.

Cer. What is that ?

Serv. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest ;
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let's look on it.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight ;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd !—
Did the sea cast it up ?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open ;
Soft, soft !—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril ; so,—up with it.
O you most potent god ! what's here ? a corse !

1 Gent. Most strange !

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state ; balm'd and entrea-
sur'd

With bags of spices full ! A passport too !
Apollo, perfect me i' the characters !

[Unfolds a Scroll.

*Here I give to understand,
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)
I, king Pericles, have lost*

[Reads.

*This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king :
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity !*

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart,
That even cracks for woe !—This chanc'd to-night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night ;
For look, how fresh she looks !—They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within ;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.

Well said, well said ; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful musick that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The vial once more ;—How thou stirr'st, thou block ?—
The music there.—I pray you, give her air :—
Gentlemen,

This queen will live : nature awakes ; a warmth
Breathes out of her ; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again !

1 *Gent.* The heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive ; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be ! *[She moves.]*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I ? Where's my lord ? What world is this ?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange ?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours ;
Lend me your hands : to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen ; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come :
And Æsculapius guide us !

[Exeunt, carrying THAISA away.]

SCENE III.—*Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, and
MARINA.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone ;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness ! The gods
Make up the rest upon you !

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you
mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen !
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her
hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes !

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in; yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care ; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord :
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty :

But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation !

Per. I believe you ;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o'the
shore ;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears :
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer : which are now

At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say: But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre,
Welcom'd to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephess,
To Dian there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk
With fingers, long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp neeld wound
The cambrick, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute

She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan ; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian ; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina : so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead ;
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content :
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.—*Tharsus. An open place near the sea-shore.**Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.*

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it:
'Tis but a blow, that never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i'the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. Here
Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.
Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;

Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;—
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports, thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come; I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.— [Exit DION.
Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't sq?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd, *good seamen!* to the sailors; galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
And, clasp'g to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle
Wash'd off a canvas-climber: *Ha!* says one,
Wilt out? and, with a dropping industry,
They skip from stem to stern: the boatswain whistles,
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this?

Mar. It was when I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: Pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [*LEONINE runs away.*

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's
have her aboard suddenly.

[*Excunt Pirates with MARINA.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate
Valdes;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Mitylene. A room in a brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul.

Boul. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up some eleven——

Boul. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they are too unwholesome o'conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boul. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market.

.[Exit BOULT.]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boulton.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.

Boulton. Come your ways. [*To MAR.*—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boulton. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boulton, has she any qualities?

Boulton. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boulton?

Boulton. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [*Excunt Pander and Pirates.*

Bawd. Boulton, take you the marks of her; the colour

of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first*. Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULT*.]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,

(Not enough barbarous,) had not overboard
Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young

foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou oried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have harkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i'the hams?

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have

fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint——

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose !

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana ? Pray you,
will you go with us ? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Tharnus. A room in Cleon's house.*

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish ? Can it be undone ?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon !

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O, lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare ! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too !
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy seat : what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child ?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died by night ; I'll say so. Who can cross it ?
Unless you play the impious innocent,
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how cow'd a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then :
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough ;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me, as an enterprize of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it !

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say ? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn : her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us,
At whose expence 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,
Seize with an eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies ;
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make
short ;
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't ;
Making, (to take your imagination,)
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought
This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought ;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile ;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter at one door, PERICLES with his Train ; CLEON

and DIONYZA ut the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the Tomb of MARINA ; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then CLEON and DIONYZA retire.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show !
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe ;
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershow'r'd,
 Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs ;
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit,
 The epitaph is for Marina writ
 By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the Inscription on MARINA's Monument.
The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter ;
Marina was she call'd ; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth :
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd :
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint,)
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.
No visor does become black villainy,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady fortune ; while our scenes display

His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [Exit.

SCENE V.—*Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: Shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boulr.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fye, fye upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk ;
—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a
fair creature ?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at
sea. Well, there's for you ;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave : a
word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an ho-
nourable man.

[To MARINA, whom she takes aside.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily
note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and
a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to
him indeed ; but how honourable he is in that, I know
not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing,
will you use him kindly ? He will line your apron with
gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully
receive.

Lys. Have you done ?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet ; you must take
some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we
will leave his honour and her together.

[Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and BOULT.

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have
you been at this trade ?

Mar. What trade, sir ?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good,
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stie,
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold

Dearer than physic,—O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird,
That flies i' the purer air !

Lys. I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well ; ne'er dream'd thou
could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee !
Perséver still in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee !

Mar. The gods preserve you !

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent ; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold ; here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness ! If thou hear'st from
me,
It shall be for thy good.

[*As LYSIMACHUS is putting up his Purse, BOULT
enters.*

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper ! Your house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away !

[*Exit LYSIMACHUS.*

Boult. How's this ? We must take another course
with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth
a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope,

shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me ?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now ! What's the matter ?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress ; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable !

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever !

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball ; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away ; use her at thy pleasure : crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods !

Bawd. She conjures : away with her. Would she had never come within my doors ! Marry hang you ! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind ? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays !

[*Exit Bawd.*]

Boult. Come, mistress ; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me ?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change :
Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel,
That hither comes enquiring for his tib ;
To the cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear
Is liable ; thy very food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me ? go to the wars,
would you ? where a man may serve seven years for
the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the
end to buy him a wooden one ?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth ;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman ;
Any of these ways are better yet than this :
For that which thou professest, a baboon,
Could he but speak, would own a name too dear.
O that the gods would safely from this place
Deliver me ! Here, here is gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain aught by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast ;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will

Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom,
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I
can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
them. But since my master and mistress have bought
you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore
I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I
doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough.
Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays:
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her neeld composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
That even her art sisters the natural roses:
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expence;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [*Erit.*

SCENE I.

On board PERICLES Ship, off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel, the other to the Barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. *[To the Sailor of Mitylene.*

O here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene;

And in it is Lysimachus the governor,

Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you,

To greet them fairly.

[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.

Enter from thence LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,

Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to out-live the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, sir,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir; [*PERICLES discovered.*] this
was a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst
wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd :
She, all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within
The leafy shelter, that abuts against
The island's side.

[He whispers one of the attendant Lords—

Exit Lord in the barge of **LYSIMACHUS.**

Hel. Sure, all's effectless ; yet nothing we'll omit,
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you further,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it ;—
But see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, and a young
Lady.*

Lys. O, here is

The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assur'd she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous-artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous! [*MARINA sings.*

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:—

Pcr. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on, comet-like: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors,
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,

And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.* [*Aside.*]

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.

I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

Mar. Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st

Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points, that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Did'st thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou had'st been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,

To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina,
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
No motion?—Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea!—thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream, that ere dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well;—where were you
bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did give
o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, now good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may
be,

You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O, Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys, rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again!—O, Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud

As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect,)
My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of king-
doms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None!

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear——

Per. Most heavenly music:

It nips me into list'ning, and thick slumber

Hangs on mine eye-lids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head;

[*The curtain before the pavilion of PERICLES is closed.*]

So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,

I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt LYS. HEL. MAR. and attendant Lady.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

PERICLES on the deck asleep; DIANA appearing to him as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,

And give them repetition to the life.

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:

Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream. [*DIANA disappears.*]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentive,

I will obey thee !—Helicanus !

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon ; but I am
For other service first : toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails ; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—

[*To* HEL.

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need ?

Lys. With all my heart, sir ; and when you come
ashore,

I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter ; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the Temple of* DIANA *at*
Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run ;
More a little, and then done.
This, as my last boon, give me,
(For such kindness must relieve me,)
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,

To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful boon. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the altar, as High-Priestess; a number of Virgins of each side; CERIMON and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES, with his train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina: who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,

Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—

You are, you are—O, royal Pericles!— [*She faints.*]

Per. What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,

If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.
Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian !

Thai. Now I know you better.—

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a ring.*]

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present
kindness

Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to Thaisa.*]

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,
Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd and mine own !

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen !

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from
Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation :

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord ; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power ; that
can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives ?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her ;
How she came placed here within the temple ;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana !
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form ;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him ! Yet there, my
queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days ;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward :
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,)
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty :
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn ;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them ; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.

[Exit GOWER.]

TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, }
SEMPRONIUS, } *Lords, and Flatterers of TIMON.*

VENTIDIUS, *one of TIMON's false friends.*

APEMANTUS, *a churlish philosopher.*

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian general.*

FLAVIUS, *steward to TIMON.*

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS, }
SERVILIUS, } *TIMON's servants.*

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS, }
TITUS, }
LUCIUS, }
HORTENSIUS, } *servants to TIMON's Creditors.*

*Two servants of Varro, and the servant of Isidore; two of
TIMON's Creditors.*

Cupid and Maskers. Three Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA, }
TIMANDRA, } *Mistresses to ALCIBIADES.*

*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and
Attendants.*

SCENE, *Athens; and the woods adjoining.*



TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Athens. A hall in TIMON'S house.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

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Poet. Ay, that's well known :
 But what particular rarity ? what strange,
 Which manifold record not matches ? See,
 Magic of bounty ! all these spirits thy power
 Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both ; t'other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord !

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man ; breath'd, as it were,
 To an untirable and continueate goodness :
 He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't : For the lord Timon, sir ?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate : But, for that——

Poet. *When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
 It stains the glory in that happy verse
 Which aptly sings the good.*

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [Looking at the jewel.

Jew. And rich : here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedica-
 tion

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
 Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
 From whence 'tis nourish'd : The fire i'the flint
 Shows not, till it be struck ; our gentle flame
 Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
 Each bound it chases. What have you there ?

Pain. A picture, sir.—And when comes your book
 forth ?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
 Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis : this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable : How this grace
Speaks his own standing ! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth ! how big imagination
Moves in this lip ! to the dumbness of the gesture.
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch ; Is't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature : artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's follow'd !

Poet. The senators of Athens :—Happy men !

Pain. Look, more !

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment : My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax : no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,

(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on:
All those, which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,

Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of
mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the Servant
of VENTIDIUS talking with him.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransome;

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [*Erit.*]

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before
thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy
creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man,
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon :
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him ?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt :
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*To LUCILIUS.*] Love you the maid ?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband ?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present ; in future,
all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long ;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter :
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee ; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship : Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you !

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship !

Tim. I thank you ; you shall hear from me anon ;

Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated

As those, which sell, would give: But you well know
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common
tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus !

Apcm. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow ;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves ? thou know'st
them not.

Apcm. Are they not Athenians !

Tim. Yes.

Apcm. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apcm. Thou knowest, I do ; I call'd thee by thy
name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apcm. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like
Timon.

Tim. Whither art going ?

Apcm. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apcm. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus ?

Apcm. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it ?

Apcm. He wrought better, that made the painter ;
and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apcm. Thy mother's of my generation ; What's she,
if I be a dog ?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus ?

Apcm. No ; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apcm. O, they eat lords ; so they come by great
bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it; Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Seroant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Sero. 'Tis Alcibiades, and

Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—

[Exeunt some Attendants.]

You must needs dine with me:—go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir!

[They salute.]

Apem. So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
knaves,

And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.]

Enter Two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 *Lord*. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord*. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord*. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord*. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

[*Erit*.]

1 *Lord*. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord*. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 *Lord*. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord*. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord*. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in Timon's House.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great Banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON,

ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and
other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and attend-
ants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS,
discontentedly.

Vcn. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods
remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich :

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help

I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,

Honest Ventidius : you mistake my love ;

I gave it freely ever ; and there's none

Can truly say, he gives, if he receives :

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them ; Faults, that are rich, are fair.

Vcn. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony

Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss

On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ;

But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,

Than my fortunes to me.

[*They sit.*

1 *Lord.* My lord, we have always confess'd it.

Apcm. Ho, ho, confess'd it ? hang'd it, have you not ?

Tim. O, Apemantus !—you are welcome.

Apcm. No,

You shall not make me welcome :

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl ; you have got a humour there,

Does not become a man ; 'tis much to blame :—

They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*,

But yond' man's ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself ;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apcm. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon ;

I come to observe ; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee ; thou art an Athenian ; therefore welcome : I myself would have no power : pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apcm. I scorn thy meat ; 'twould choke me, for I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods ! what a number

Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not !

It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat

In one man's blood ; and all the madness is,

He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men :

Methinks, they should invite them without knives ;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't ; the fellow, that

Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,

Is the readiest man to kill him : it has been prov'd.

If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals ;

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes :

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!

A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S Grace.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

[Eats and drinks.]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field
now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies,
than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's
no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such
a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!

[*Tucket sounded.*]

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome.

[*Exit Cupid.*]

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Music. *Re-enter Cupid, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.*

Apem. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON;
and, to show their loves, each singles out an amazon, and
all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the
hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair
ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not
hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt Cupid, and Ladies.]

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; *[Aside.]*

Else I should tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[Exit, and returns with the casket.]

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word
To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must
Entreat you, honour me so much, as to
Advance this jewel;
Accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let us be provided
To show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how.

[Aside.]

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, the lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a Third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd, Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember me, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 *Lord*. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord ; I know, no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect :

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own ;

I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. None so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations

So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give ;

Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,

And ne'er be weary.—*Alcibiades*,

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldóm rich,

It comes in charity to thee : for all thy living

Is 'mongst the dead ; and all the lands thou hast

Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

1 *Lord*. We are so virtuously bound,——

Tim. And so

Am I to you.

2 *Lord*. So infinitely endear'd,——

Tim. All to you.—*Lights*, more lights.

1 *Lord*. The best of happiness,

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon !

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.*

Apem. What a coil's here !

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums !

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs :

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, *Apemantus*, if thou were not sullen,

I'd be good to thee.

Apcm. No, I'll nothing : for,
If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee ; and then thou would'st sin the faster.
Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly :
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories ?

Tim. Nay,
An you begin to rail on society once,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewell ; and come with better music. [Exit.

Apcm. So ;—
Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll
lock
Thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery ! [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in a Senator's House.*

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro ; and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand ; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste ? It cannot hold ; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold :
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses : No porter at his gate ;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold ; no reason
Can found his state in safety.
Caphis, ho !
Caphis, I say !

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir ; What is your pleasure ?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon ;
Importune him for my monies ; be not ceas'd
With slight denial ; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus :—but tell him, sirrah,

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own ; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit : I love, and honour him ;
But must not break my back, to heal his finger :
Immediate are my needs ; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone :
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir,

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Hall in Timon's house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop ! so senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot : Takes no account
How things go from him ; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue ; Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done ? He will not hear, till feel :
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fye, fye, fye !

Enter CAPHIS, and the servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro : What,
You come for money ?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too ?

Caph. It is ;—And yours too, Isidore ?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd !

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me ? What's your will ?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues ? Whence are you ?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month :
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own ; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,——

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,——

Isid. Serv. From Isidore ;
He humbly prays your speedy payment,——

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,——

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,

And past,—

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord ;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;

[*Excunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.*

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you ;

[*To FLAVIUS.*

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour ?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business :
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner ;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends :

See them well entertain'd.

[*Exit TIMON.*

Flav. I pray, draw near.

[*Exit FLAVIUS.*

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus ; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog !

Var. Serv. How dost, fool ?

Apcm. Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apcm. No : 'tis to thyself.—Come away.

[*To the Fool.*

Isid. Serv. [*To Var. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alci-

biades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[*Exit Page.*]

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hang-man served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and, generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much fool-ery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come, with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[Exeunt APEM. and Fool.]

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[Exeunt Serv.]

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me; That I might so have rated my expence, As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure

Not seldom, nor no slight checks ; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, (too late !) yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone ;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues : the future comes apace :
What shall defend the interim ? and at length
How goes our reckoning ?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word ;
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone ?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine ; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy ;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord !
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted ! Who is not Timon's ?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Ti-
mon's ?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are
crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, ho!—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord
Lucius,—

To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day;—You, to Sempronius;
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus? humph!

[*Aside.*

Tim. Go you, sir, [*To another Serv.*] to the senators,
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o'the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way,)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake your heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—

I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows:
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius.—[*To a Serv.*] 'Pr'ythee, [*To FLAV.*]
be not sad,

Thou art true, and honest; ingenuously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee :—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had,—[*To FLAV.*] give
it these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it; That thought is
bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Excunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A room in Lucullus's house.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a Servant to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminus, honest Flaminus; you are very respectfully welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminus?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason: and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who goes out.*—] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ; And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit* LUCUL.]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of nature,
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A public Place.*

Enter LUCIUS, *with three Strangers.*

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long

ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents ; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How ?

2 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that ? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man ? there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his ; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord ; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

[*To LUCIUS.*

Luc. Servilius ! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well :—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha ! what has he sent ? I am so much endeared to that lord ; he's ever sending : How shall I thank him, thinkest thou ? And what has he sent now ?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord ; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me ; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But, in the mean time, he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable? how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit SERVILIUS.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,

And kept his credit with his purse ;
Supported his estate ; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages : He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip ;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart : But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense :
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in SEMPRONIUS's house.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph! 'Bove
all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus ;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison : All these three

Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. O my lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal; for
They have all denied him.

Scm. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? humph!—
It shows but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over; Must I take the cure upon me?
He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I had such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*]

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did, when he made man political; he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.

Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A hall in TIMON's house.*

Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to TIMON's Creditors, waiting his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And sir
Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:

You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness:

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:—
What's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1 *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep : and it should seem by
the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius ! sir, a word : 'Pray, is my lord
ready to come forth ?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship ; 'pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that ; he knows, you are
too diligent. *[Exit FLAM.]*

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha ! is not that his steward muffled so ?
He goes away in a cloud : call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir ?

1 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,——

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend ?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat
Of my lord's meat ? Then they could smile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but
wrong,

To stir me up ; let me pass quietly :
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end ;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not,

'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves. [*Exit.*]

1 Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2 Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know Some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should much
Derive from it: for, take it on my soul,
My lord leans wond'rously to discontent.
His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house

Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the
girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,——

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,——

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,——

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!
[*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their
caps at their money; these debts may well be called
desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the
slaves:

Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,——

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,——

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. The Senate-house.*

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.

He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues :
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice ;
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe :
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born :
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe ; and make his wrongs
His outsides ; wear them like his raiment, carelessly ;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill ?

Alcib. My lord,—

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear ;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threatnings ? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,

Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And th' ass, more captain than the lion; the felon,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em, he
Is a sworn rioter: h'as a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate ! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both :
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receiv't in valiant gore ;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies ; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure : Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How ?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What ?

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me ;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace :
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger ?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me ?
Banish your dotage ; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our
spirit,

He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that
you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts;—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*A magnificent Room in Timon's House.*

Music. *Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers
Lords, at several doors.*

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honour-
able lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when
we encountered: I hope, it is not so low with him, as
he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his
new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so: He hath sent me an ear-
nest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge

me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

3 *Lord*. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord*. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord*. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord*. A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord*. A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord*. What of you?

3 *Lord*. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both :—And how fare you?

1 *Lord*. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord*. The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 *Lord*. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord*. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend ! what cheer ?

[*The Banquet brought in.*]

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—
Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All covered dishes !

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you ? What's the news ?

3 Lord. Alcibiades is banished : Hear you of it ?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished !

3 Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How ? how ?

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what ?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near ?

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will't hold ? will't hold ?

2 Lord. It does : but time will—and so——

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress : your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place : Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?

Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou ;
[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*]
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion ? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house ; sink, Athens ! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity ! [Exit.]

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1 Lord. How now, my lords ?

2 Lord. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury ?

3 Lord. Pish ! did you see my cap ?

4 Lord. I have lost my gown.

3 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat :—Did you see my jewel ?

4 Lord. Did you see my cap ?

2 Lord. Here 'tis.

4 Lord. Here lies my gown.

1 Lord. Let's make no stay.

2 Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

3 Lord. I feel't upon my bones.

4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the walls of Athens.**Enter TIMON.*

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filth
Convert o'the instant green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o'the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,

Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Athens. A Room in TIMON'S House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,

And go along with him !

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away ; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd : and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces ; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow : Leak'd is our bark ;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat : we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows ; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some ;

[Giving them money.]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Exit Servants.]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us !
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory ? or to live

But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Woods.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,

The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
So are they all; for every grize of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, va-
liant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why
this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*—Ha! a drum?
—Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner*; PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou, there? Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know
thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee ; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change ?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give :
But then renew I could not, like the moon ;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee ?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon ?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none : If
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man ! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
For thou'rt a man !

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now ; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully ?

Tim. Art thou Timandra ?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still ! they love thee not, that use
thee ;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours : season the slaves
For tubs, and baths ; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster !

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra ; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:

Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all i'thy conquest;
aud

'Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That,

By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer
My country.

Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron:

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
Set them down horrible traitors : Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy ;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse : Swear against objects ;
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes ;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers :
Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take the gold thou
giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse
upon thee !

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon :
Hast thou more ?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant : You are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions : Be whores still ;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
Let your strong fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats : Yet may your pains, six months,

Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. & Timan. Well, more gold;—What then?
Believ't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd pate ruf-
fians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. & Timan. More counsel with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given
you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell,
Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—
Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA,
and TIMANDRA.*]

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*]

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears,
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansions all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man! Plague! plague!

Apcm. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apcm. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that, which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome,
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apcm. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apcm. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apcm. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apcm. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apcm. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Apcm. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apcm. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command; thou would'st have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate
men?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rpgue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now;
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,

I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it. *[Eating a Root.]*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[Offering him something.]

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in
thy guilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too
much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art
despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee,
eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlars sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse; wert

thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were re-motion; and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

Apcm. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apcm. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apcm. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apcm. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apcm. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apcm. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apcm. 'Would thou would'st burst!

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue ! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee. [Throws a Stone at him.]

Apcm. Beast !

Tim. Slave !

Apcm. Toad !

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue !

[APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.]

I am sick of this false world ; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave ;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily : make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[Looking on the Gold.]

'Twixt natural son and sire ! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss ! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts !
Think, thy slave man rebels ; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire !

Apcm. 'Would 'twere so ;—

But not till I am dead !—I'll say, thou hast gold :
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to ?

Apcm. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apcm. Live, and love thy misery !

Tim. Long live so, and so die !—I am quit.—

[*Exit APTEMANTUS.*]

More things like men ?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 Thief. Where should he have this gold ? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder : The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 Thief. It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 Thief. Let us make the assay upon him ; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily ; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it ?

2 Thief. True ; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 Thief. Is not this he ?

Thieves. Where ?

2 Thief. 'Tis his description.

3 Thief. He ; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves ?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too ; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat. Why should you want ? Behold, the earth hath roots ; Within this mile break forth a hundred springs : The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips ; The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want ? why want ?

1 Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,
Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
Amen. [TIMON retires to his Cave.

3 *Thief.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief*. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief*. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Thieves.*]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has
Desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then

I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man
About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,
To serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then
I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weep-
ing!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
So comfortable? It almost turns
My dangerous nature wild. Let me behold
Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself; But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,

(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,) Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts, Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late: You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast: Suspect still comes where an estate is least. That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love, Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind, Care of your food and living: and, believe it, My most honour'd lord, For any benefit that points to me, Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange For this one wish, That you had power and wealth To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man, Here, take:—the gods out of my misery Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy: But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men; Hate all, curse all; show charity to none; But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone, Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them, Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods, And may diseases lick up their false bloods! And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st Curses, stay not; fly, while thou'rt bless'd and free: Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before TIMON's Cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON behind, unseen.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o'the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plain-er and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Fit I do meet them.

[*Advancing.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite
you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I
have gold;
I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counter-
feit
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;

Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say :—And, for thy fiction,
[*To the Poet.*

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say, you have a little fault :

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you ; neither wish I,

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour,

To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed ?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord ?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom : yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet, Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well ; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies :
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:—

Each man apart, all single and alone,

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[*To the Painter.*

Come not near him.—If thou would'st not reside

[*To the Poet.*

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:

You have done work for me, there's payment: Hence!

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—

Out, rascal dogs!

[*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—

Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and
be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a caut'rizing to the root o'the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the
plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,

Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:

Which now the public body,—which doth seldom

Play the recanter,—feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal

Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;

And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,

Together with a recompence more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it ;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears ;
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours,) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority :—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild ;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will ; therefore, I will, sir ; Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war ;
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him take't at worst ; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer : for myself,

There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow ; My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still ;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough !

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country ; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck ;
As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them ;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes,
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them :
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,

And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
U'pon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[Exit TIMON.]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

2 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Walls of Athens.*

Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend ;—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends :—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i'the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1 Sen. Here comes our brothers.

2 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust : In, and prepare ;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Woods. TIMON's Cave, and a tomb-
stone seen.*

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho !—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span :
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure ; and this his grave.—
What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character

I'll take with wax :
Our captain hath in every figure skill ;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days :
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE V.—*Before the Walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [A Parley sounded.

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice ; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly : Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more* : now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease ;
And porsy indolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee ; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo

Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square, to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope ;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove ;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports ;
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more : and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied, to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead ;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea :
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture ; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads.] Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft :

Seek not my name : A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left !

*Here lie I Timon ; who, alive, all living men did hate :
Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon ; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword :
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ; make
each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
Let our drums strike. *[Exeunt.]*



CORIOLOANUS.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*

TITUS LARTIUS,
COMINIUS, } *Generals against the Volscians.*

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to CORIOLANUS.*

SICINIUS VELUTUS,
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*

YOUNG MARCIUS, *Son to CORIOLANUS.*

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to AUFIDIUS.

Conspirators with AUFIDIUS.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to CORIOLANUS.*

VIRGILIA, *Wife to CORIOLANUS.*

VALERIA, *Friend to VIRGILIA.*

Gentlewoman attending VIRGILIA.

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lic-
tors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to AUFI-
DIUS, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories
of the Volscians and Antiates.*



CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rome.—A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any farther, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*]

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to
famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

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1 *Cit.* First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done; away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us; If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to

please his mother, and to be partly proud ; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him : You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations ; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these ? The other side o'the city is risen : Why stay we prating here ? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft ; who comes here ?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa ; one, that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough ; 'Would, all the rest were so !

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand ? Where go you
With bats and clubs ? The matter ? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate ; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths ; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves ?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well

Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us?—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared
for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses
crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support
usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established
against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes
daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars
eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they
bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think
to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you,
deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I'the midst o'the body, idle and inactive,

Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they——

Men. What then?—

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o'the body,——

Men. Well, what then?

1 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend ;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o'the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark me,—

1 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. *Though all at once cannot*
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

1 *Cit.* It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o'the common; you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?—

1 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o'the lowest, basest, poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost :
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs ;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius !

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious
rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs ?

1 Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war ? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ;
Where foxes, geese : You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate : and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust ye ?
With every minute you do change a mind ;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i'the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give
out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain
enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded:
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth pro-
verbs;—
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent
not
Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer-
ed,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to
vent

Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators;
JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told
us;

The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:

And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and
he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him : he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is ;

And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face :
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius ;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred !

1 Sen. Your company to the capitol ; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on :
Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you ;
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Lartius !

1 Sen. Hence ! To your homes, be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*]

Mar. Nay, let them follow :
The Volces have much corn ; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth : pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. and MENEN.
Citizens steal away.*]

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him; he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he
Had borne the business!*

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,

In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Corioli. The Senate House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*

*They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.*

1 Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatch-
ing,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands :
Let us alone to guard Corioli :
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army ; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that ;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more.
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you !

Auf. And keep your honours safe !

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Rome. An apartment in MARCIUS' House.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA : They sit down on two
low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;

As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him :
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome : His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes ;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow ! O, Jupiter, no blood !

Vol. Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy : The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both ? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here ! A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son ?

Vir. I thank your ladyship : well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son : I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together : he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded but-

terfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fye, you confine yourself most unreasonably; Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you ; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam ?

Val. In earnest, it's true ; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is :—The Volces have an army forth ; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power : your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli ; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour ; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam ; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady ; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would :—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No : at a word, madam ; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before Corioli.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news :—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy ?

Mess. They lie in view ; but have not spoke as yet,

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him : lend you him,
I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies ?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work ;
That we, with smoking swords, may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends !—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some
Senators, and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls ?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Alarums afar off.]

Are bringing forth our youth : We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up : our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes ;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off.

[Other Alarums.]

There is Aufidius ; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it !

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho !

The Volces enter, and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave

Titus :

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts, ‘
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows ;

He that retires, I’ll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome ! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o’er ; that you may be abhorr’d
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat ? Pluto and hell !
All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear ! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I’ll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you : look to’t : Come on ;
If you’ll stand fast, we’ll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope :—Now prove good seconds :
’Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers : mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*]

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 Sol. Nor I.

3 Sol. See, they

Have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*]

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

1 Sol. Look, sir.

Lart. 'Tis Marcius:

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the City.*]

SCENE V.—*Within the Town. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, with Spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[Alarum still continues afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them.—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him:—
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too valiant for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath not yet warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,

Prosperity be thy page !

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest ! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius !— [*Exit MARCIUS.*
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind : Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of COMINIUS.*

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends ; well fought : we are
come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire : believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends :—The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own ;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice !—Thy news ?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle :
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since ?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile ; briefly we heard their drums :

How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,

Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But, for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those

That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they

That most are willing :—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd ; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report ;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself ;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [*Waving his hand.*] to express his disposition,

And follow Marcius.

*[They all shout, and wave their swords ; take him up
in their arms, and cast up their caps.]*

O me, alone ! Make you a sword of me ?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces ? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select : the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march ;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows :
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*The gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded : keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid ; the rest will serve
For a short holding : If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Licu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come ; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A field of battle between the Roman and the Volcian camps.*

Alarum. Enter **MARCIUS** and **AUFIDIUS**.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee ; for I do hate
thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike ;
Not Afric owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy : Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after !

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of*
AUFIDIUS.

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*

SCENE IX.—*The Roman camp.*

Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side,
COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS,
with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tri-
bunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath such a soldier!—

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his Power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison :
Hadst thou beheld——

Mar. Pray now, no more : my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done ; that's what I can ; induc'd
As you have been ; that's for my country :
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving ; Rome must know
The value of her own : 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings ; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest : Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general ;
But cannot make my heart consent to take

A bribe to pay my sword : I do refuse it ;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long Flourish. They all cry, Marcius ! Marcius !
cast up their caps and lances : COMINIUS and
LARTIUS stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more ! When drums and trumpets shall
I'the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing ! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars ! No more, I say ;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical ;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you ;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly : by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm,) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland : in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—

Bear the addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

Cor. I will go wash ;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no : Howbeit, I thank you :—
I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent :

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it : 'tis yours.—What is't ?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house ; he us'd me kindly :
He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd !

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name ?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot :—

I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd.—

Have we no wine here ?

Com. Go we to our tent :

The blood upon your visage dries : 'tis time

It should be look'd to : come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*The camp of the Volces.*

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en !

1 Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition ?—

I would, I were a Roman ; for I cannot,

Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition !

What good condition can a treaty find

I'the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Marcius,

I have fought with thee ; so often hast thou beat me ;

And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter

As often as we eat.—By the elements,

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He is mine, or I am his : Mine emulation

Hath not that honour in't, it had ; for where

I thought to crush him in an equal force,

(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some way ;

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle : My valour's
poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him ; for him

Shall fly out of itself : nor sleep, nor sanctuary,

Being naked, sick : nor fane, nor Capitol,

The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 *Sol.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove:

I pray you,

('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither

How the world goes; that to the pace of it

I may spur on my journey.

1 *Sol.* I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how

you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you

are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you gave me, touch my palate adversely, I may make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the cholic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth

the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRU. and SIC. retire to the back of the scene.]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the

physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricuttick, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded? God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I'the shoulder, and i'the left arm: There will

be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received, in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i'the body.

Mcn. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Mcn. Now its twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A Shout, and Flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him He carries noise, and behind he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Hcr. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolanus:—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart; Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,—

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife——

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To VALERIA.*]

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;
And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome:
A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will
not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours:

[*To his wife and mother.*]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,

But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy : only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

*[Flourish. Cornets. Excunt in state, as before. The
Tribunes remain.]*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacl'd to see him : Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him : Stalls, bulks, win-
dows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions ; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawdied cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were sliely crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he'll give them, make as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o'the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and

Disproportioned their freedoms : holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war ; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't ; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble ; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter ?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul : I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak : The matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd : the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue ; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts ;
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol ;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, and know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, let's them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so

planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Mcn. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please
you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o'the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,

Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Erit CORIOLANUS.*]

Men. Masters o'the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him : he bestrid
An o'er press'd Roman, and i'the consul's view
Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee : in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i'the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o'the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home : He stopp'd the fliers ;
And, by his rare example, made the coward

Turn terror into sport: as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell before his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o'the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours,
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1 *Sen.* Call for Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to get their suffrage: please
you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;—
Show them the unaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour !

[*Flourish. Then exeunt Senators.*]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent ! He that will require them,

As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here : on the market-place,
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. The Forum.*

Enter several Citizens.

1 Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

3 Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do : for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them ; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous : and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude ; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve : for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversly coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way would be at once to all the points o'the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

[Exeunt.]

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done it?

Cor. What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my
wounds;—

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all;

I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you
to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not

Mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir:

'Twas never my desire yet,

To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'the consul-
ship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice,
sir;

What say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:—
I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.
[*Exeunt two Citizens.*]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune
of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the
customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country,
and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you
have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed,
loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous,
that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir,
flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer

estimation of them ; 'tis a condition they account gentle : and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly ; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend ; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily !

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices !—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches ? Custom calls me to't :—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through ;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—

Your voices ; for your voices I have fought ;
Watch'd for your voices ; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of ; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more : your voices :
Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without
any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul : The gods give
him joy, and make him good friend to the people !

All Amen, amen.—

God save thee, noble consul ! [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Cor. Worthy voices !

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation ; and the tri-
bunes

Endue you with the people's voice : Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done ?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd :
The people do admit you ; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where ? at the senate house ?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change these garments ?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do ; and, knowing myself
again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along ?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exit CORIOL. and MENEN.*]
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this
man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock
us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No; no man saw 'em. [*Several speak.*]

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could show
in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices, therefore: When we granted that,

Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,

I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, you were ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o'the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,

When he hath power to crush? Why had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece
'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,—
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which gibingly, ungravely he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o'the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so: almost all *[Several speak.*
Repent in their election. *[Excunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:

If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol:

Come; we'll be there before the stream o'the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street.*

*Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.*

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[*To LARTIUS.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold ! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha ! what is that ?

Bru. It will be dangerous to

Go on : no further.

Cor. What makes this change ?

Men. The matter ?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles and the commons ?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices ?

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way ; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd ?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues ?—What are your offices ?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth ?
Have you not set them on ?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that,
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

1 Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scat-
ter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o'the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall*!

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o'the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o'the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd

Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power,)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i'the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:*—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slighthead: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i'the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit Bru.*] in whose
name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. & Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of
Citizens.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*Several speak.*]

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people ;—Peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune :—Peace. Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties :
Marcius would have all from you ; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fye, fye, fye !

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people ?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat ;
To bring the roof to the foundation ;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it :—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marchus is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him ;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Edi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*]
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, withdraw a
while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the
People, are all beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are
not,

Though calv'd i'the porch o'the Capitol,)—

Men. Be gone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself

Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tri-
bunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:

I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Excunt COR. COM. and others.*]

1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]

Here's goodly work !

2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed !

Men. I would they were in Tyber !—What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair ?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself ?

Men. You worthy tribunes,——

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands ; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't. [*Several speak together.*

Men. Sir,——

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have help to make this rescue ?

Men. Hear me speak :—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults :——

Sic. Consul !—what consul ?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He a consul !

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two ;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then ;
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence,
Were but one danger ; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death ; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own !

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease ;
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death ?
Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country :
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o'the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry : When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected

For what before it was?

Bru. We'll hear no more:—

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.

This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come:—

Men. Consider this;—He has been bred i'the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulded language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend you
there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—

Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He
must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in CORIOLANUS's house.*

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;

[*To VOLUMNIA.*]

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so : Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough ;
You must return, and mend it.

1 Sen. There's no remedy ;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsel'd :
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman :
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o'the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do ?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well,
What then ? what then ?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies on you to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,

Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
That humble, as the ripest mulberry,
Now will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou had'st rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—

Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce?
Must I

With my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as a eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue

Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will.

[*Erit.*

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same.—The Forum.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an ÆDILE.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o'the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.— [Exit *ÆDILE*.

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance: then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators,
and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd
gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1 *Sen.* Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter ÆDILE, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes : audience : Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present ?
Must all determine here ?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you ?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content :
The warlike service he has done, consider ;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier : Do not take
His rough accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour,
You take it off again ?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then : 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind

Yourself into a power tyrannical ;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How ! Traitor ?

Men. Nay ; temperately : Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people !
Call me their traitor ! Thou injurious tribune !
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people ?

Cit. To the rock with him ; to the rock with him !

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge :
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him ; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service ?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You !

Men. Is this

The promise that you made your mother ?

Com. Know,

I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further :

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,

Vagabond exile, flaying ; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word ;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power ; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it ; in the name o'the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city ;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates : I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so,
It shall be so ; let him away : he's banish'd,
And so it shall be.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends ;——

Sic. He's sentenc'd ; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak :
I have been consul, and can show from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins : then if I would

Speak that——

Sic. We know your drift : Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country :
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate
As reek o'the rotten fens, whose loves I prize,
As the dead carcasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;
And here remain with your uncertainty !
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair ! Have the power still
To banish your defenders ; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making not reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows ! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back :
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.*]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd ! he is gone ! Hoo ! hoo !

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite ;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates;
come:—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before a gate of the City.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENE-
NIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the
beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,

Droop not; adieu :—Farewell, my wife ! my mother !
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well :—
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and

My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand :—
Come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street near the gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no
further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home :
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [Exit Ædile.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us :

Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o'the gods

Requite your love !

Mcn. Peace, peace ; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone ?

[*To BRUTUS.*

Vir. You shall stay too : [*To SICIN.*] I would, I had
the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind ?

Vol. Ay, fool ; Is that a shame ?—Note but this
fool.—

Was not a man my father ? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words ?

Sic. O blessed heavens !

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words ;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what ;—Yet go :—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too :—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then ?

Vir. What then ?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome !

Mcn. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome: so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see.)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Excunt Tribunes.*]

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with
me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fye, fye, fye! [*Excunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Antium. Before AUFIDIUS's house.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir

Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop : then know me not ;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies : Is he in Antium ?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you ?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir ; farewell. *[Exit Cit.]*

O, world, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity : So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me :—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter : if he slay me,
He does fair justice ; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.—*The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.—
Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o'the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go!

And batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away.]

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall.

[Exit.]

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I'the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I'the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!
[Beats him away.]

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou?
Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [Unmuffling.]
Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [Servants retire.]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief: thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure

Which thou should'st bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffered me, by the voice of slaves, to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i'the world
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
'*Tis true*; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,

Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods !

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission ; and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways :
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in :
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes !
And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand ! Most wel-
come !

[*Exeunt COR. and AUF.*]

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration !

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me, his
clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has ! He turned me about
with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a
top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-
thing in him : He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—
I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so ; looking as it were,—'Would I
were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than
I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn : He is simply the
rarest man i'the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is : but a greater soldier than he,
you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o'the table:

no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i'the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) show themselves (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy;

mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible ; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so : and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher ; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason ; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Rome. A public Place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him
His remedies are tame i'the present peace
And quietness o'the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush, that the world goes well ; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius ?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he : O, he is grown most kind
Of late.—Hail, sir !

Men. Hail to you both !

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd,
But with his friends ; the common-wealth doth stand ;

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better,
if

He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our
knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Corio-
lanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i'the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,

If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volces dare not break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate house : some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave ;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes :—his raising !
Nothing but his report !

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded ; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful ?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome ;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely !

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely :
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate :
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters,
and

To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron men; you, that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit: You have made fair
work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale

Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *'Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but like
beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'the city.

Com. But, I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,

That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 Cit. And so did I.

3 Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us: That we did, we did for the best: and
though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet
it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the Capi-
tol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exeunt COM. and MEN.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's

home. I ever said, we were i'the wrong, when we banished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Camp; at a small distance from
Rome.*

Enter Aufidius, and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else

To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Licu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but, one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,

So hated and so banish'd; But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time :
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all ; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A public place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and others.

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work;
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state

To one whom they had punish'd.

Mcn. Very well :

Could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard

For his private friends : His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff : He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Mcn. For one poor grain

Or two ? I am one of those ; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains :
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt
Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : If you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Mcn. No ; I'll not meddle.

Sic. I pray you, go to him.

Mcn. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Mcn. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard ; what then ?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness ? Say't be so ?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure

As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it :

I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well ; he had not din'd :
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. *[Exit.]*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome ; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him ;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise* ; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand : What he would do,
He sent in writing after me ; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions :
So, that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife ;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*An advanced post of the Volcian Camp before Rome. The Guard at their stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1 G. Stay : Whence are you ?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men ; 'tis well : But, by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence ?

Men. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return : our general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover : I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified ;
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,

I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing : Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his
behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you
should not pass here : no, though it were as virtuous to
lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Mene-
nius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say,
you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must
say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, can'st thou tell ? for I would not
speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you ?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Romé, as he does. Can
you, when you have pushed out your gates the very
defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance,
given your enemy your shield, think to front his reven-
ges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal
palms of your daughters, or with the palsified interces-
sion of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be ? Can
you think to blow out the intended fire your city is
ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this ? No,
you are deceived ; therefore, back to Rome, and pre-
pare for your execution : you are condemned, our ge-
neral has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he
would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,——

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and cruel-
ler in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How, away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather

Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
 Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
 Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
 Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a letter.*
 And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
 I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
 Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Excunt CORIOLANUS and AUFID.*

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You know
 the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your
 greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Mcn. I neither care for the world, nor your general:
 for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any,
 you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by him-
 self, fears it not from another. Let your general do
 his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your
 misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was
 said to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the
 rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Excunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Tent of CORIOLANUS.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
 Set down our host.—My partner in this action,

You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends

You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him,) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! What shout is this?

[Shout within.]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow .
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows ;
 As if Olympus to a molehill should
 In supplication nod : and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which
 Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volces
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy ; I'll never
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct ; but stand,
 As if a man were author of himself,
 And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband !

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
 Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
 I have forgot my part, and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace. * Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,
 For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
 Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate,
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted : Sink, my knee, i' the earth ;

[*Kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impression show
 Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd !

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
 I kneel before thee ; and improperly
 Show duty, as mistaken all the while
 Between the child and parent.

[*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not

Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!

You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with com-
forts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.

[*Rising.*]

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May say, *This mercy we have show'd*; the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit

Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd.* Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies: let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; An end:
This is the last;—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,

But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go :
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother ;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance :—Yet give us our despatch :
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother !

[Holding VOLUMNIA by the hands, silent.]

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !
You have won a happy victory to Rome :
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come :—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were :
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me : For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you ; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy
honour

At difference in thee : out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.

[Aside.]

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

Cor. Ay, by and by;

[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Rome. A public place.*

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o'the Capitol; yond' corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tart-

ness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house; The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,

No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:

Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,

As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark
you;

*[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten,
all together. Shouting also within.]*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,

Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,

Make the sun dance. Hark you! *[Shouting again.]*

Men. This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia

Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,

A city full; of tribunes, such as you,

A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;

This morning, for ten thousand of your throats

I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[Shouting and music.]

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy.

[Going.]

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians,
and People. They pass over the Stage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before them :
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother ;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome !—

All. Welcome, ladies !

Welcome ! [*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Antium. A public Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here :
Deliver them this paper : having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words : Despatch.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

*Enter three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS'
Faction.*

Most welcome !

1 *Con.* How is it with our general ?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,

And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,——

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and

He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord :
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome ; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,——

Auf. There was it ;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action : Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

*[Drums and Trumpets sound, with great shouts of the
People.]*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more ;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it ;

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.

What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colours; a Crowd
of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am returned your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o'the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that must
bear
My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,

That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volsces in Corioli :
Alone I did it.—Boy !

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears ?

Con. Let him die for't. *[Several speak at once.*

Cit. *[Speaking promiscuously.]* Tear him to pieces, do
it presently. He killed my son ;—my daughter ;—He
killed my cousin Marcus ;—He killed my father ;—

2 Lord. Peace, ho ;—no outrage ;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o'the earth. His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword !

Auf. Insolent villain !

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

*[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill
CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands
on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus,—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will
weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet ;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o'the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—

Assist. [*Excunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS.*

A dead march sounded.

END OF THE SIXTEENTH VOLUME.

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